Applied to Cautles, all ſtrange formes receives,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſounding paleneſſe, and he takes and leaves,
In eithers aptneſſe as it beſt deceives:
To bluſh at ſpeeches ranke, to weepe at woes,
Or to turne white and ſound at tragicke ſhowes,
That not a heart which in his level came,
Could ſcape the haile of his all hurting aime,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vail'd in them did winne whom he would maime,
Againſt the thing he ſought he would exclaime,
When he moſt burnt in heart-wiſh'd luxurie,
He preach'd pure maide, and prais'd cold chaſtitie.
Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That th'unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin above them hover'd,
Who young and ſimple would not be ſo lover'd.
Aye me I fell, and yet doe queſtion make,
What I ſhould doe againe for ſuch a ſake.
Oh that infected moyſture of his eye,
O that falſe fire which in his cheeke ſo glow'd:
Oh that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that ſad breath his ſpungie lungs beſtowed,
O all that borrowed motion ſeeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrai'd,
And new pervert a reconciled Maide.

The

The amorous Epiſtle of L *to* Hellen.

HEalth unto *Ledaes* daughter *Priams* ſonn
Sends in theſe lines, whoſe health cannot
But by your gift, in whoſe power it may lie,
To make me whole or ſicke; to live or die
Shall I then ſpeake? or doth my flame appe
Plaine without Index? Oh, tis that I feare
My Love without diſcovering ſmile takes pl
And more than I could wiſh ſhines in my fa
When I could rather in my thoughts deſire,
To hide the ſmoake, till time diſplay the fire:
Time that can make the fire of Love ſhine cl
Vntroubled with the miſty ſmoake of feare
But I diſſemble it, for who I pray,
Can fire conceale, that will it ſelfe betray?
Yet if you looke, I ſhould affirme that plaine
In words, which in my countenance I maint
I burne, I burne, my faults I have confeſs'd,
My words beare witneſſe how my lookes tra
Oh pardon me that have confeſs'd my error,
Caſt not upon my lines a looke of terror,
But as your beauty is beyond compare,
Suite unto that your lookes, (oh you moſt fa
That you my letter have received by this
The ſuppoſition glads me, and I wiſh,
By hope incourag'd, hope that makes me ſtro
You will receive me in ſome ſort ere long.

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo